The Ohio Democrat.

BREHM & WHITE, Publishers,

LOGAN, : : : OHIO

A MOTHER'S SONG.

OVER THE CRADLE OF MARJORIB. O, sweet-throated poet! Sing low, sing low Of your lady love stately and grand; For I have a darling toveller far Than the fairest in all this broad land.

Her cheek is so dimpled,
Her mouth is so red,
So white is her forchead.
So curi-crowned her head:
So caressing her love, so wins me her play,
My heart is led captive through all the long

She charms me with smilea.
She grieves me with tears,
She thrills me with hop-a,
And chills me with fears;
Then, with artiussness sweet, all sorrow And makes my life rich with her innocent

I lift her and fold her
My fond arms between;
She lies in my bosom.
Throned there as its queen.
A wee, helpless lassle, but queen by love's right; To render her homage; is dear love's delight.

I watch o'er her slumbers
So soft and serene;
My unconscious darling!
The angels, I ween.
Might leave their sweet Heaven to stand by thy bed.
And breathe benedictions upon thy dear head.

And deep in my spirit,
Calm, rev'rent and low,
Where never a wave of
Dark passion can flow,
A sweet song is pouring itself into rhyme,
With June birds that warble and sweet bells
that chime.

To my baby, my birdle,
My rosebud, my star,
Who lifts me to Heaven,
Where all pure things are;
So the sweet-throated poet may sing soft and low, Till he finds voice for such bliss as mother hearts know.
—S. E. Burton, in Good Housekeeping.

A STRANGE FOX-HUNT

How Reynard and the Stolen Diamonds Were Found.

My Dear Vane: A line in haste. If you can possibly manage it come dewe here by the four o'clock train. My mother's diamond has been stolen. Don't bring a detective; we will try it ours lives lirst. Telegraph if you can come. Yours I haste.

H. CARGILL.

of May. Go! of course I should; I had of May. Go! of course I should; I had of need, as it was our impression (so nothing particular to keep me in town; thorough a search having already been so by the four o'clock train I found my- made self traveling south in a much more quest must be without the house. It lively frame of mind than I had experienced in the morning, endeavoring to while away the time with conjectures as was rather cerie work for us all, except the professor, who was equal to the occasion and seemed to seent the battle, so to speak, in the shape of some farto what could really have taken place. off diamond which he had never seen. The diamond I knew well. It was truly a precious stone, not only for its intrinsic worth, but also from the fact that it had been given by an Indian Rajah to Mrs. Cargill's father, and, further, it was the last gift of a parent whose memory was loved by all who had known him. Mrs. Cargill wore it plainly set in gold as a brooch, and wore it more frequently than perhaps most women would have thought it wise to air so valuable a treasure. My friend lived with his mother and a little sister in a quaint old house with considerable grounds, in a very quiet and unpre-tending manner. The nearest village I envied him the quiet peace of his home. His tastes were artistic, like mine; and, with such work as he might choose to do, and the occasional super-intendence of his family acres, as might be necessary to divert his attention, life

must have been very pleasant indeed.

My friend Harold was waiting for me when I reached the little station about seven in the evening, and on the drive home I learned a few more particulars. The robbery had taken place, as far as could be judged, either during the night before last or on the preceding day. The house and the effects of the servants had been searched without avail, and Harold had only waited my arrival before taking further steps. We talked the matter over at great length both on our way home and after dinner. The one of the servants was guilty seemed to me quite evident, but I could convince neither of the others on this point. Mrs. Cargill left us soon to our wine. and I continued my endeavors without avail to prove to Harold that strict measures should at once be taken with all the servants. He contended that a

thorough search had already been made.
"My dear fellow," I said at length,
"you should have allowed me to use my discretion in the matter, and I would have brought you down a French detec

"And what would your detectives have done? Made up a nice story, im-plicating one or all of the servants, and probably the gardener as an outdoor agent, but not found the diamond. Now, where is the use of investigations unless we recover the diamond?"

A happy thought struck me as he ooke. "If your object, Harold, is entirely the recovery of the diamond and and we left the pair to themselves till not the punishment of the thief, I have a suggestion to make; and it may be, after all, that if we discover the stone first we may learn more afterward. Let us have down this great mesmerist and thought reader who is making such a small commotion just now. We'll tax him (if he'll come) to conduct us to the stone. It is probably still in the house: the robbery was discovered so very quickly that even with an outside agency in the person of the gardener, whom I grant you don't like, it is unlikely the stone can have got so for as the village

On this suggestion (made half in jest, half in earnest) we eventually decided to act. The robbery had been discovered the morning before, and the servants had since then been pretty closely watched, so that, after a further talk, which, it is needless to say, went over and over the same ground at least a trees. score of times, each of us attempting to prove to himself and to the other that detective work was what Providence an hour, and as yet had done nothing had severally meant for us, we came to but climb palings and get our feet very

really was; for our only hope of success lay in the chance that if one of the serv-

miss him, having a shrewd suspicion the other side of the bush and made of that he had not yet made his appearance through the wood. This distracted my

at breakfast. Sure enough, I found him at a little before noon eating in a languid manner the remains of a fowl which had done duty before, and drinking small beer. Knowing a little of professional men, however, I recognized the exigencies of the case, and, after the usual civilites, explained the reasons of my call. He was a tall man, rather thin, with weak eyes, but sufficiently gentlemanly to pass muster. sufficiently gentlemanly to pass muster both in dress and manner. Rather to my surprise he readily agreed to ac-company me, and postpone for a few days the private engagements which he had on hand at the time; but in the course of our journey down (for we returned that night) the reason of his compliance came out He wished to include the robbery in his advertisements, and all that I could say to the contrary would not convince him that my friend

ing who and what our visitor really The professor explained to us that, as Mrs. Cargill knew the diamond and had worn it so long, she was the one who, with her hand in his, could best communicate to him where to lead her. "II." said he, "the day is clear and oright, I shall lead you to-morrow to the spot, Mrs. Cargill, provided you have sufficient strength of mind to keep your ideas fixed entirely upon the stone. You must keep it vividly before your mind's eye, and I shall lead you to it if it is in the house or grounds.

Nothing had occurred in the household since my departure in the morning, and the robber (whoever he was) off on must now, we judged, be beginning to ment. feel somewhat easier in mind; so in case of his deeming it necessary to alter the probable hiding-place of the stone, we certain that he had been on the track, lettermined upon immedate action, deeiding to commence next morning at the reason for the sudden stop he could daybreak. The professor d'd not much not tell. Still, in the end, he managed appreciate the idea of such an early start, but we succeeded in overcoming his scruples, and it was arranged before we paried for bed that we should all meet in the dining-room at three o'clock

next morning. Mrs. Cargill was down before me, and Harold shortly after. Of course, we were all before the time, and to wait in dumb silence (even with the prospect of a most interesting experiment) for twenty minutes in the cold dawn I found the letter waiting for me at my club one morning toward the end of May Gol of course I should. I had not sleep; Mrs. Cargill and the professor appeared, looking, we were glad to see, equal to his business. We had left the front door ajar in case

We had left the front door ajar in case

The morning was clear and frosty. inside) that the object of our At twelve minutes past three, then, Mrs. Cargill took the professor's hand, he having been previously blindfolded. "Not," he said, "that such a thing was necessary, but it calmed his power of thought to some extent." Harold and

lowing (and we, too, discreetly down the avenue to the first turning; and then bang against the fence in a most with scorn, but the more I thought the of any importance was at a distance of some four and a half miles. Often had thought, and it was some minutes bear as to question the learned profesor fore he seemed to grasp the situation. It was a fortunate thing that the fond of hunting. morning was fine, though the grass looked abominably wet. I inwardly shuddered at the idea that, had there slumbered late, and met for fresh disbeen a gate, we should have felt ob-liged to open it, and take to the grass; wished to give up the attempt and call and catching Harold's eye, we both felt in the detectives. Harold and I were somewnat guilty, as though we might inclined somewhat ignominiously to be shirking something. But the "something" was not to be shirked. The fessor. His blood was up; our taunts professor calmly commenced to climb on the subject of fox hunting had ag-the paling, which, as his one hand was gravated him more than we had fancied. occupied, and as he was an exceedingly ungainly man, obviously never born for feats of agility, seemed rather an extraordinary proceeding. Over he would go, however, and over Mrs, Car-

gill must go with him; when a man is save that she herself was, perhaps, a little affected. when the professor got into a most un-accountable hurry, and had we not both devoted our attention to Mrs. Cargill she and her leader must have fallen, and the train of thought been broken. We had been asked to maintain a discreet silence, but I could almost have

sworn I caught a smothered exclama-tion from Harold as Mrs. Cargill's foot was brought smartly round upon the side of h's head owing to the professor's unreasonable haste.
Once over the paling the scent seemed to have grown weaker. Of course, there was no hesitation in the avenue. and a very evident absence of such feeling when palings had to be sur-mounted; but once on the dewy grass things might be taken more easily. .I went back to the paling to join Harold, we got fairly across the field. Then the professor seemed to recognize the proximity of another paling, and we had to run to be in time to help them over. We were getting more used to it now, and Mrs. Cargill was bearing up wonderfully. We handed them over without any mishap, save that the professor's foot got twisted in the fence, and his boot (one of those elastic-sided

monstrosities, and very old) came off in the struggle to extricate him. Harold and I had, up till now, been feeling not a lettle skeptical about the proceedings, but the fact that we were in the wood by this time, and that the professor seemed totally unconscious of the absence of his boot, began to im- last the cine before. On he went, and on, traordinary that he should be able to began to grow tiresome. He was going go calmly on now without knocking well to-day certainly; he had kept us at

the determination that we would ask the great thought reader, Pvof. Land-ley, to come to our assistance. wet. Still, it certainly seemed that there might be some method in this madness, and so on we went, more slow-The greatest secrecy, of coarse, was ly now, owing to the brushwood, which happily was not very thick. Suddenly thould know at first who our visitor really was; for our only hope of success manner that I could not but think it lay in the chance that if one of the servants was the thief the stone might still be hidden in the house, or, pehaps, buried in the ground outside, till it could with greater safety be removed when the matter had had time to be partly to something to cause such a decided and washing to cause such a decided and washing to cause such a decided the matter had had time to be partly forgotten.

I went to town early next morning, and called at once upon the learned professor. He was "out," but was to be in again very soon. I strolled about the neighborhood some time so as not to miss him, having a shrewd suspicion.

What was the reason? Why stop himself just as discovery appeared certain? The professor could understand it no more than we. "I came here," he said,
"guided by Mrs. Cargill's thought. I
don't know where I am. I had the diamond, or the clew to it, five minutes
ago; now it is lost. Whether Mrs. Cargill ceased to assist me or not, I can not tell. But I know I can do nothing

more just now."

It seemed best, if we wished to premixed up in the matter. After considerable discussion we thought it best to inform Mrs. Cargill later in the evening who and what exhausted) my arm; and we returned gloomily, almost as we had come-that is to say, by the shortest and most di-rect way. We were all too disgusted with the professor to be able to discuss the matter amicably with him at the moment, so we parted quietly and like guilty creatures in the hall to court the sleep which we all began to feel would be benefic al. My position I could not but think was rather an unpleasantone. Old friend of the family as I was, I could not but blame myself for bringing so fraudulent a professor to the house. However, I decided before falling asleep that it would not be quite fair upon our visitor to condemn him right off on the failure of a single experi-

> His explanations later in the day and it certainly had looked like it, but to talk us over, and Mrs. Cargill was induced to go through the experiment again, but this time we were to start where we had left off. One thing alone the professor would swear to—the dia-mond could not be in the house, else he would never have gone outside. Also, he informed us that his foot, notwithstanding his thick stocking, was con-siderably the worse for wear.

> The hour at length came again. Harold and I had decided to dispense with sleep; Mrs. Cargill and the professor

The morning was clear and frosty. We walked to the laurel bush, where, having blindfolded the professor as be fore, Mrs. Cargill took his his hand. He soon started off, taking no notice of was rather cerie work for us all, except the laurel bush, but away through the wood. We must have been walking for several minutes, and at a pretty quick pace, when, like an evil omen, a fox (probably the one we had seen on the previous night) sprang out of a clump of underwood and vanished among the

It was the same story over again. Cur leader's pace slackened; then he stopped. Could it be that the fox was, I retired a few steps, and the silence for as it were, a non-conducting agent? I several minutes was deathlike. At last put the question to the professor; nay, I the professor made a step, another, and further hinted that perhaps when in a then to us on-lookers it seemed as if certainty had replaced doubt. He went straight to the door, Mrs. Cargill following (and we, too, discreetly down in succession this evil deacon of the disturbed manner. This little incident more I felt there might be something seemed to have upset his train of in it, and Harold so far agreed with me

We had gone home as before nonwished to give up the attempt and call Prove himself right he would: his honor. he insisted, was at stake; he must be successful in the end. He appealed to Mrs. Cargill to stand by him, and the long and short of it was that she agreed to make a third and last trial, the proin a trance he is very unreasonable; fe-sor on his side promising that it how Mrs. Cargill stood it I can not tell, should be the very last. It rained hard all the evening, and at day-break when ttle affected,

We were helping them quietly over misty that we all felt relieved when the professor asked us to leave matters

alone for a day and give his last attempt every possible chance. All this time things in the household had been going on quietly enough, and seemed as though the servants had quite made up their minds that no further search was intended. The only fresh circumstance that came to light was that the gardener's kennel, formerly oc cupied by a tame fox for which he had a great affection, was observed to be empty. The man affirmed that the animal had slipped its collar the day before. We could only question him casually on the subject, but it seemed likely that the animal whose scent had proved too strong for the professor, was the one which the gardener affirmed only to have escaped on the previous day. The animal, he said, was bound to come back for its meals sooner or

later, but we did not altogether agree with him on that point. Daybreak next morning saw us again assembled in the dining-room, and we promise of a glorious day. The pro-fessor was on his mettle. He had said to us: "I will succeed to-morrow, and to succeed he evidently intended. He stood for a few minutes blindfolded, as usual, before he took Mrs. Cargill's hand, and then commenced to move forward, but in an opposite direction to that we had been taking when he had right through the wood, till the affair began to grow tiresome. He was going it a good long time; but if we were only going to get a few hundred yards every night and perhaps not find the stone after all, we might as well give the matter up entirely. Harold appeared, from the frown upon his face, to have begun to consider matters in this light too, when the professor, who had been going at a fair pace, suddenly stopped. it seemed to me only natural that, as he had gone further than he had ever gone before, he should stop. His imbeelle mind could stand the strain no learners. longer. After considerable hesitation, nowever, he turned slowly to the left, bent over some thick brushwood and gradually stretched out his hand. "It's that fox again to a certainty," whispered Harold to me; "the professor's as mad as a March hare." No signs of the fox though, and the professor was well into the bush; if the diamond was there strely a stidden flash of thought there, surely a sudden flash of thought would assist him; but it was not likely to be any more than our friend the fox, who would certainly have made off long

Ere my ideas were completed the flash of thought did come. downward on the part of the professor was instantaneously succeeded by a frightfel yell that rang through the wood. Mrs. Cargill's hane was dropped in a moment, and it seemed as though the professor was engaging blindfolded awful struggle with a foe whom none of us had as yet seen. It was the fox after

all. The professor shad tracked him down this time, if not to his den, at least to the trap in which the animal was struggling. Certes, he was pretty severely punished for his fox-hunting propensities! Foxed don't usually attack until driven to the last extremity, and the professor must have forced the animal to the furthest point it could go with the trap on its fore paw ere he made that sudden dive which was so disastrous for him. Had it not been that the learned man's hand was most terribly bitten we should have been struck with the absurdity of the scene. Mrs. Cargill had had a great fright; the professor was in a towering rage, not merely at the injury done to his hand, but that he should after all have again tracked down his fox; so Harold and I alone were in any condition for action. The professor swore he must kill the fox that had so bitten him, and so great was his wrath and our bewildered Republican friends, haste that he would scarcely wait till for it has been incontestably shown we had stanched his wound with a hand-

kerchief.

I took Mrs. Cargill to some little disstout stick, with which the professor had promptly avenged himself. was calmer now, and as we were talking over the little excitement of the moment, he gave it as his decided opinion that either Mrs. Cargill must, unknown to herself, have been wearing the dia-mond all the time, or the fox must have swallowed it. The last idea seemed to have something in it, and he was so impressed with it that the only course to convince him (for we had begun to doubt his sanity) seemed to be to dis-sect the animal there and then. I left them to inform Mrs. Cargill of our last resolve, when a shout of joy from the professor and of surprise from Harold, made me hastily turn to rejoin them. Mrs. Cargill, hearing the shout, was

with us in a trice.

The diamond had been found! The fox had not swallowed it; but tied tightly round its neck, roughly sewn up in a piece of brown leather, was the missing The professor was exultant; h's wound was forgotten; he had been right after all! But who was the thief? Some one must have committed the diamond to the fox's care. Was it true that the animal had slipped its collar, or had the culprit freed it for greater safety in the belief it would return for its meals? Only the gardener could tell us, and he would probably not miss his fox till we saw him in the morning. Excited as we were we talked it all over in the wood, and were considerably later than usual in getting home, where we parted at once silently, retiring to our several chambers to take the rest we had so well earned, after mutual compliments all

We had decided that the gardener alone could be the thief, and that we would confront him with the charge in the morning—but we had reckoned with-out our host! When we assembled for breakfast, the professor with his hand wrapped up in most ungainly fashion, Mrs. Cargill met us with a blank face. A note, which the servant had found in the silver chest some minutes since, explained all. It was a filthy piece of workmanship, but still legible, and the contents, alas! too plainly spoke the truth. It ran as follows:

Missus—i seen you and the gintlemen nites waukin about the woods looked for fox. You kant find him eny more than so time off i hop you may ketch my fo kant so me and mi pais tuk a lew spunes

Your obedian sirvent,

ps-thenks for levin the door opin. The professor was the only one who made a hearty breakfast. He had proved the power of thought reading; it was our fault, not his, that the gardener had been too sharp for us. Now, of course, detectives down; but we never caught Mr. Black. "Tuk a few spunes insted!" I should rather think had; there was not a piece of plate left in the house!-Macmillan's Maga-

A CURIOUS MIRROR.

ered in a Parisian Shop

The other day, in poking about in a brie-a-brae shop, I fell upon a curious object of virtu. It was the lookingglass presented to the Emperor of China by George III., through Lord Macartney. The construction is analogous to that of a toilet mirror, such as the beauties of the early part of the century used to sit before when sticking black patches on their rough faces. The frame is in carved ebony of a fine grain. and is fastened to a stand with drawers in the same wood. I never saw a glass of finer quality. The plate is about the size of aquarto page, and is beveled at the edge, which is surrounded by an ornament of gilt bronze formed by serpentine lines intersecting each other at career to destruction to ask of them-regular distances. At the back of the selves whither are they going? In the mirror, which is made to swing round, lain the size of the glass, representing Agriculture seated on a rock, overlooking a generous country like that visible from Richmond Hill. I have in point of execution rarely seen a finer piece of enameled porcelain. The gilt bronze ornament is carried up around a medallion above the frame of the mirror, in which is set a portrait, also on porcelain, of George III., with, behind it, another of a lady, whom I take to be the Princess Dowager of Wales. The King is very young, and the face, which gives me the impression of a truthful portrait, is fair, ingenuous, and yet with a kind of lurking slyness, which one often sees in the physiognomies of naive Germans. It is of big, blue eyes, on the surface and rather engaging, a thick, heavy nose of the acquiline type and full lips. Chin and forehead fly back. The hair is powdered and frizzed, and the coat is of white silk with gold facings. of white silk with gold facings. A lace frill falls over a blue ribbon of the ter. The lady on the obverse side looks a good-natured, confiding soul, with a fresh complexion. Her embonpoint is Saxon. She, too, has a wretched cere-bral development. The dealer in whose possession this piece of bric-a-brac was told me that he bought it of an officer who had been at the loot of the summer palace. The price asked for it was ten

-Cincinnati will be one hundred years old in 1888, and she wants both National conventions to celebrate her

thousand francs, -Paris Cor. London

AN ISSUE BADLY WANTED. Those Birds of Ill-Omen, the Republic ans, Flopping Around Aimlessly and Dis

consolately. Our Republican friends are very much perplexed as to what they can furnish for an issue the next time they go before the people. The bloody shirt has become such a venerable chestnut that it no longer excites even a laugh. All the predictions of the man is this year to be conducted with failure of the Democratic Administration have come to naught and the hopes of a split in the party have not en realized. The fishery question failed to materialize at the critical moment, and the venom of ex-ministers. representatives of Republican manage- East. The Augusta correspondent of ment of the State Department, was the Boston Herald throws some light poured out in vain. The excellent judgnent and calm, deliberative spirit displayed by Secretary Bayard in connection with this question had the effect of allaying the mischievous spirit which the enemies of the Administration sought to stir up. The would-be authorities on the foreign policy of the Government attempted to make an issue out of the Cutting affair, with the same fruitless result. Congress also refused to furnish the desired issue to that Mr. Blaine has been assigned to our bewildered Republican friends, so many speeches;" that "for weeks that the Democratic House acted as a wholesome check on the extravagance and unscrupulous measures of the Retance, and when I returned the fox was well-nigh demolished by the aid of a the President has increased in proportion to the virulence of the attacks made upon him. His manly, consistent course in connection with the Civil-Service law and his trenchant vetoes of jobs and swindling schemes have gained for him fresh proofs of the esteem and affection of the people whose interests he has heart. Never was there an Administration

so shamelessly attacked and misrepresented and against which all the teries of slander and falsehood were so industriously plied. But the cowardly methods of warfare employed by the enemy have had a boomerang effect, and the demoralized host that so long ruled the country in the insolence of unbridled power, and could not at first be brought to realize that the people had driven them forever from the positions they had abused, are now looking around in pitiable perplexicy for an issue. The time for search is be-coming uncomfortably short. The country is prospering under Democratic rule; abuses have disappeared from the offices of the Government; economy has succeeded extravagance peculation, and confidence been re-established in the has business world. The elections this fall will have an important bearing upon the control of the Senate dur-ing the latter half of President Cleveland's Administration. Twenty-five Democrats and twenty-six Republicans hold over from the present Congress, and of the vacant seats the Democrats are certain of nine and the Republicans of the same number. The doubtful Legislatures on which will depend the political complexion of the next Senate are those of New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, Indiana, Michigan, California and Nevada. The Democrats need five of these to have a majority in the Senate. They have a good chance of carrying New York, New Jersey, Indiana, Michigan and Connecticut. The cause of the anxiety

Albany Araus. SPIRIT OF THE PRESS.

of the Republicans for an issue is,

therefore, easily explained. The "last bulwark of Republicanism" is in great

danger of being carried away, this fall,

-Edmunds has declared in favor of the wild West for a Presidential can-didate for the party. Which is another way of intimating that Mr. Blaine lags superfluous on the political stage.-Albany Argus.

---- An exchange suggests that James G. Blaine and Rollin M. Squire would make an excellent Presidential ticket for the Republicans with a platform "for vindication only." an excellent idea, except that the platform might be condensed to words: "Burn this letter!"-Harris-

burg Patriot. -- It was the Democratic party that gave our Nation its foreign influence, and compelled foreign respect. It remained for Republican tuft-hunting diplomacy to make us the despised of all nations. The Democratic party acquired the territory of Louisiana, Arkansas, Kansas, Iowa, Minnesota, Missouri, Nebraska, Dakota, Idaho, Montana, Oregon, Washington, Wyoming, Colorado and the Indian Territory from France; Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, Utah, Nevada and California from Mexico, and Florida from Spain. It raised our merchant marine to the second place, and made our navy feared over the world. It will continue the record .- Indiana State Senti-

-We ask-and we ask it in all seriousness, too-is it not about time that the people paused in their mad brief space of twenty-four months they there is an enameled painting in porce- have not only defeated for President the brilliant Republican leader, whose name has ever been the rallying cry for true reformers of the Keifer school. but they have relegated to private life many of his chosen advisers. brilliant Chandler's voice is heard no more in the councils of the Nation; the gallant Robeson incites our heroic navy to no deeds of valor; Teller is still in the Senate, but he is shorn of half his power, and the lonely Elkins wanders from east to west, from north to south, and has not where to lay his political head. - Philadelphia Times.

Slaughtering Each Other.

If there is any one thing more than

honesty which the Republicans of Ohio lack it is harmony. Just now they are

at swords' points and are ready to slaughter each other at the polls. Not content with butchering each other they go outside of their State to stab other and better men. That weak Congressman, Grosvenor, who climbed into public life by means of his wealth, told a reporter the other day that Jeff Davis would get more votes in Ohio than General John A. Logan. This hatred of the Illinois Senator, who polstered Blaine in 1884, is due to the fact that he refused to aid Ohio Repub-licans in stealing a seat in the United States Senate by ousting Senator Payne on groundless rumors and base false-hoods. Logan's name will be remem-bered with respect long after all recol-lection of the Ohio scoundrels who are abusing him is gone. Logan is not a saint, but he is head and shoulders above the Republicans of the Buckeye —A goose that has been in the La Clair family for forty-one years died in Western New York the other day.

Buffalo Times.

SOMETHING AGGRESSIVE.

The Efforts Being Made by Mr. Blaine's Friends in the Maine Campaign to Give Him a Presidential "Boost."

To a person innocent in the ways of politics it must seem very strange that up in Maine, a State which two years ago gave a Republican majority of nearly 14,000, the campaign for the election of a Governor and Congressall the preparations of a Presidential year, including not only a continuous series of speeches by Maine's "re-tired" statesman, Mr. Blaine, but nightly speeches by as many political orators from other States be induced to go down as can on the situation. As every one knows (who believes all he hears), the Presidential nomination in 1884 was forced on Mr. Blaine against his inclination. Having, however, got a taste of run-ning for the high office, he seems to ike the occupation, and this year' Maine campaign is all planned to assist him in gratifying his ambition. The correspondent quoted teils us that "it will be the first time in many years he has been preparing himself for his efforts;" that "it is believed that he intends to strike the keynote of the next Presidential campaign;" that Representative Dingley is predicting on the stump "that Mr. Blaine will again lead the Republicans," and that a vote for Bodwell for Governor is considered a vote for Blaine's nomination in 1888; this change in Mr. Blaine's tactics, as compared with his "lying low" methods in 1884, is undoubtedly a confession of weakness. He has heard, as persons who talk with leading Republicans from all parts of the country are hearing, the sentiment that the Republican party has had the name Blaine dinged nto its ears long enough; that the campaign of 1888, to be successful, must be something else than defensive, and that it is time for the party to present to the country a new name which will not labor under any personal handicap. Knowing the prevalence of these senti-ments, the man in Maine plans to renew his own prominence by having a nique, feeling, chiaro oscuro, and such lively campaign in his own State, of things into a loaf of bread. The latter, which he will be the central figure, in order that he may not drop out of the list of eligibles. Well, this may be fun for him, and if his coming speeches inlist of eligibles. Well, this may be fun for him, and if his coming speeches in-volve him in his usual self-contradictions, it may do his party some service by again setting forth his inferior qualities as a candidate. - N. Y. Post.

THE ORDER OBEYED.

How a Tennessee Gentleman Was Nominated for Governor, Although He Obeyed the President's Order.

The dispatch which came over the wires from Washington in relation to a recent order of the President warning office-holders not to be too busy about caucuses and conventions must have been a hard blow to Republican papers which have been wildly abusing the Administration and charging that the order was simply issued for effectthat it meant nothing unless it was to hoodwink the people. The correspondence which passed between Robert L. Taylor, of Knoxville, Tenn., and pension agent at that place, and William McLean, Acting Pension Commissioner, shows clearly, however, that the Republican by the party which has earned the confidence and support of the people.— maligned the Administration and charged it with hypocrisy when its It appears that the Democrats of Tennessee thought Mr. Taylor, the pension agent at Knoxville, would be good candidate for Governor and they urged him to put forth some ef-fort in his own behalf and to attend the convention in person. The office Mr. Taylor holds is not a very important one, but the gentleman's conscience would not allow him hold it and violate the order of the President, cautioning office-holders not to enlist in political campaigns offensively. It is true that Mr. Taylor wanted to go to Knoxville, his ambition had been fired by his neighbors, but he would not go without he could obtain the consent of somebody in Washington. So he wrote to the Commissioner of Pensions, and as General Black was out of town the Acting Commissioner replied: " in the proposed acting, your presence at the convention will place you and the Administration, if not in a false position, in one subject to misconcep-tion." Did Mr. Taylor go to the convention? Indeed he did not, but put ambition behind him, remained home, and, strange as it may seem, was nominated for Governor. That he will be elected nobody can doubt, for the people of Tennessee recognize that a man so wedded to plain duty as Mr. Taylor is, is a jewel of rare price. It

> Buffalo Times. The New Navy.

would seem that in Tennessee a "public office is a public trust," after all.—

The preliminary steps toward the reation of a new navy are now being taken. It is a matter of congratulation that the near future promises the realization of the hopes of the people in that direction. It has long since been a recognized weakness of the country that its marine armament has been inferior to that of any other respectable Power. But the fact that the naval authorities have been involved in corrupt combinations with ship-builders restrained Congress from voting the necessary appropriations to accomplish

The present administration of the Navy Department has proved its freedom from any corrupt the consequence is that the appropria-tions have been made and the work will soon be begun. The new navy will consist of eight war vessels and one dynamite gun boat. Secretary Whitney is employing every available means of getting the best results from the authority vested in him to disburse the money voted for the purpose. He is getting the most approved designs and will compel the full performance of the contracts by which the building

of the vessels will be awarded. The two cruisers and dispatch boat contracted for by the late Administration a nd the six vessels now about to be commenced will make a fair start for a navy. They are to be of various types and widely different in capacity as well as in speed and power. They will be modern in every respect and equal in every particular to the best ships of other Governments. armament will be as perfect as the ves-sels will be complete and the new navy may reach the high standard that the old one did in its days of honest management.—Harrisburg Patriot. PITH AND POINT.

-Reformation makes such slow proghis neignbor instead of himself.

-- Frat Senator-Come, now, haven't opened your mouth. Second Senator-Pardon me; I have gaped all through your speech. - Burlington Free Press.

-Almost any body can take a com-pliment when it is thrown at him, but not every body knows how to wear it after he gets it. -St. Albans (Vt.) Messenger.

-At this season of the year a man who can't carry a hoe handle a hundred yards can lug a fishing rod twenty miles. The rod is so much lighter, you know. -Merchant Traveler.

-"Doctor," said he, as he entered the office, "I don't know what the trouble is, but I can't sleep at night." "What is your business, my friend?" "I'm a plumber, sir." "Young man, you need a clergyman. I can't undertake to cu. your conscience."-Chicago Tribune.

-Fair Traveler-"What does this mean? The expressman says he can't find my trunk. Here is the check for it. Baggageman—"The trouble is, ma'am, that you changed cars too often. The check and part of the handle has arrived, but the other pieces haven't got along yet." - Omaha World.

-"Rev. Mr. Unity was quite liberal. but so absent-minded. They were making up a whist party, when Miss Mabel said to him: 'Mr. Unity, won't vous join us? Mr. De Beans is going to take a hand and be my partner.' Mr. Unity said to him: wakes up with a start, and breaks everybody up by remarking: "Isn't this rather sudden? Have you got a

license?" -Fashionable Lady-Don't you think. doctor, that my husband ought to send me to some fashionable watering-places for my health? Doctor-Why, madam, you have a phenomenally robust physique. Fashionable Lady—I knew there was something the matter with me. Where have I to go to get rid of it—Long Branch or Saratoga?—Chicago Tribune.

-An exchange says it is just as important for a girl to make good bread as to paint a picture. It may be; but a girl can't throw "soul," tone, techgirl. -Norristown Herald.

-"What college do you intend sending your son to?" asked an Allegheny gen-tleman of another this morning. "I thought of sending him to Harvard, but now I'm thinking more favorably of Columbia." "Indeed: why have you changed your opinion?" "Well, Columbia outrowed Harvard at the recent trial. You see, I want my son to have the best education the country affords." -Pittsburgh Chronicle.

—A late judge, whose personal appearance was as unprepossessing as his legal knowledge was profound and his intellect keen, interrupted a female witiness: "Humbugged you, my good woman. What do you mean by that?': "Well, my lord," replied the woman, "I don't know how to express it, but if a girl called your lordship a handsome man she would be humbugging you."-N. Y. Telegram.

A PATIENT WIFE.

Why She Considered it Wrong to Com-

plain of Her Husband's Cruelty. "I have heard," said the kind-hearted Austin female philanthropist to the oman who lived in a dilapidated shanty in the suburbs, whose head was tied up, and who had one arm in a sling, "I have heard that your husband beats you, and I thought I would consult you to see if we could not restrain him.'

"You are mistaken, madam; my husband never beats me. We have lived together fifteen year, and he has never beaten me yet," and the woman adjust-ed her arm in the sling.

"I am so glad to hear that I am mistaken," replied the female philanthro-

"No," continued the woman, sadly, putting the bandage over the eye, "he has never struck me a blow yet. He has kicked me in a dozen different places forty different times; he has taken me y my two ears and bumped my head on the floor, or on the corner of the mantel-piece; he has poured hot water down my back, pulled out my hair by the ime or so; he feeds his dog in my new Sunday bonnet, but he has never yet beat me, and until he does I don't think I ought to complain.

The visitor then withdrew without saying another word. - Texas Siftings.

WHEN SHE SPOKE.

How a Superb Creature Drove Away 1 70 Enchanted Admirers. She was a sweet-faced, blue-eved oung girl with great waves of golden hair brushed carelessly back from a noble-looking, snow-white brow. Her ruby lips were full and sweet. Innocence itself was in her great blue eyes. Fair and sweet was she in all the purity and guilelessness of her fresh young

womanhood. Two young men have long been watching her with eager interest. Her glorious beauty had enthralled them. "What a superb girl!" Never was lily fairer! How I would love to hear her speak. No 'sweet bells jangled' could be like words she must utter with lips like those and a face like

She spoke. A friend came down the She spoke. A dissely: "A cold day, Miss D-

The full red lips parted slowly, the beautiful head turned with superb grace, a smile of seraphic sweetness illumin-ated the noble features, soft and sweet and low was her artless answer: "Well, I should smirk to twitter! Cold ain't no name for it."—Detroit Free Press.

Believed in Fortifying.

A tramp entered a Washington saloon he other day and blandly asked the bartender:

"Can you tell me, sir, if Congress has assed the Fortification bill?" "Well, 'sposen it has or hasn't, what's

hat got to do with you?" "Oh, nothing much, only I feel a good deal run down and would like to fortify little. I thought mebbe, in case Congress had made an appropriation, you might fortify me about ten cents worth and charge it to the Government. Your forty-rod will fortify as well as any thing else, so don't hand out the best bottle."

The bartender was about to hand out his best bung-starter when the tramp made a hurried exit.—Washington Critic.